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RATS, FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.

EDWARD H. HARRIMAN has authorized the contribution of $30,000 to exterminate rats in San Francisco. The money does not come out of his own pocket, since it is charged to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, but it none the less proves that Mr. Harriman is convinced of the desirability of killing rats.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and other large corporations doing business in San Francisco have also contributed to this rat fund.

The particular reason why it is sought at this time to kill the rats in San Francisco is that the bubonic plague has broken out there and the scientists report that the plague germs are disseminated by rats.

Rats are costly animals.

The United States Government has been investigating how to exterminate rats and advises the use of barium carbonate as a poison. Also the use of traps and the inoculation of rats with rat diseases.

The trouble with poisons and traps for rats is that the old rats, when they see something new, send little rats to experiment with it, and if the little rats die or get caught in a trap the old rats keep away. Since they breed rapidly, the supply of little rats for experimental purposes is large.

The bubonic plague which has appeared in San Francisco is not an American but an Asiatic disease, brought to California by the rats in ships. The rats get the germs through living in plague-stricken houses and they speedily infect every place where they go.

Flies cause more deaths from disease than rats. During the Spanish war flies killed more soldiers than Spanish bullets. The typhoid fever which broke out at so many of the camps was spread by flies which came from fever hospitals. Typhoid is communicated only by the germs being taken into the mouth, and the flies, by walking on the soldiers' food, would multiply one case by hundreds.

Without flies typhoid fever would be practically confined to people who drink polluted water.

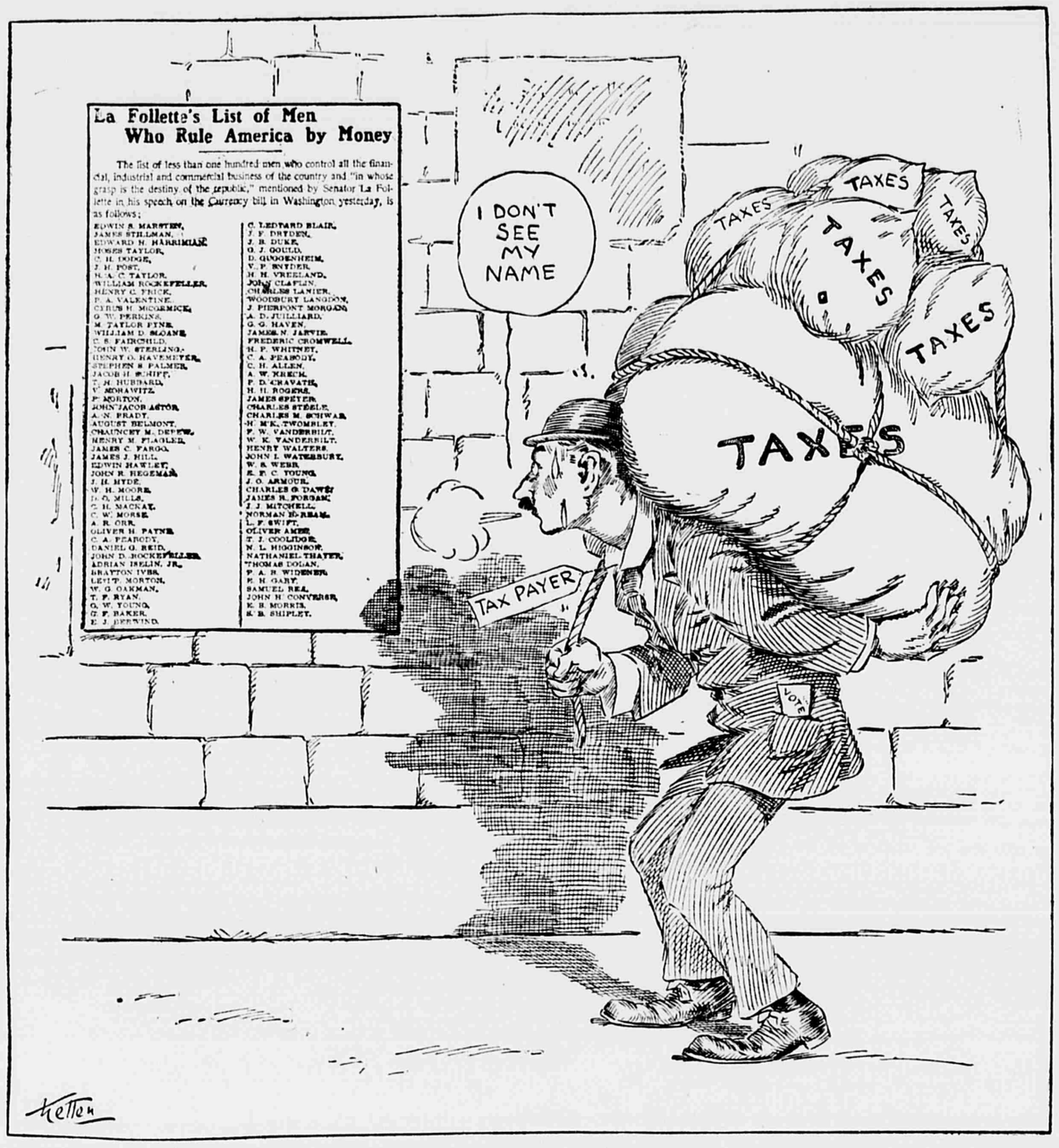
Mosquitoes are responsible for yellow fever and malaria. The reason there is no yellow fever except in warm countries is that frost kills the yellow fever mosquitoes. If a man bitten by a yellow fever mosquito were to come to New York he might develop a case of yellow fever here, but the disease would not spread, because there are no mosquitoes of that particular brand in this latitude.

Malaria is another mosquito-bred disease. It extends further north than yellow fever, because the malaria mosquitoes can live and breed at a lower temperature than the yellow fever mosquitoes. Both diseases are conveyed in the same way, by a mosquito biting a sick person and then infecting a well person. The killing of mosquitoes will drive malaria out of any neighborhood, no matter how swampy or unhealthy.

If New York could get rid of its flies, mosquitoes and rats for a million dollars a year, the price would be low.

A Slight Omission.

By Maurice Ketten.



When Mr. Jarr Meanders Home Singing "H-A-Double R-I-G-A-N" It's Not Nice for Mrs. Jarr to Suspect There's Anything Wrong.

By Roy L. McCardell.


Roy L. McArdell

PERSONS well acquainted with Mr. Jarr would have been more than puzzled at his actions the other night.

He came up out of the Subway somewhat unsteadily. As the hour was late it could be supposed that Mr. Jarr had been detained at his office by a press of work, and he, being the slave of duty, had kept everlastingly at it until it was finished, no matter how late the hour.

This surmise could be augmented by the consideration that in his ardor of endeavor Mr. Jarr had not only given no heed to the lapse of time but he had also given no attention to the ventilation of the office. It was evident the office had been hot and close, for Mr. Jarr's face was flushed. These things tell on a man, for it was plain to be seen that dizziness had followed this close application to detail and inattention to fresh air.

Now hard work and heated rooms bring dizziness, and weakness and dizziness are twins. Mr. Jarr walked unsteadily around in circles as he emerged from the Subway.

But consciousness of duty done and arduous tasks completed buoyed up Mr. Jarr. He laughed softly to himself at his weakness, and when the dizziness and weakness combined had led his feeble circling steps to the gutter he paused and hiccoughed. He was in good spirits. He laughed shortly to himself and remarked, "Dontcher care!"

Just then a cat, who had not been working late at the books and hence had no excuse to be out at that hour, dashed across the street past Mr. Jarr.

"Whoop!" yelled Mr. Jarr, for though tired he was playful, "it's good luck for a cat to cross your path, uh?"

The cat dashed down an areaway and through the bars of an iron door under the steps. Mr. Jarr went over to the steps and sat down.

"He'll be out in a couple o' hours; I wanna talk to 'im," he said softly.

But the cat didn't come out for the full half hour Mr. Jarr sat there and a policeman came along and roused him.

"Better be beating it, old stew," said the policeman, and then went on his way trying doors. Mr. Jarr looked after him indignantly.

"I refuse, I refuse p-p-po[illegible] refuse positively to bandy words with you," he said. Mr. Jarr then ar[illegible]nounced that H-A-double-R-I-G-A-N spelled Harrigan, and that was him[illegible]e looked mournfully toward the iron door and said, as if addressing the cat: "All ri', muh fr'en', havit cher own way; I kep' muh date, an' you wuzzent here, s'all ri'!"

Then, still feeling the effects of overwork, he walked over to a lamppost and resolved to show that disappointments did not weigh him down, and if a cat wasn't gentleman enough to keep his appointment she didn't care. To show how little he cared he determined to sing. He had forgotten, through overwork, the tune, but he remembered the words:

"So I sat in the Y. M. C. A.
Singing just like a lark,
There's no place like ho-o-ome,
But Um afraid to go home in thuh dark!"

"But Um not afraid to go home in the dark," he announced. "What um-uh-afraid to go in the dark for? Nozzing. Who'll stop muh? Nobody!"

So he started home.

As he got his night key to work and ascended the stairs to his apartment he cogitated hazily what position to take in case of being accused of wantonly keeping late hours and bad company.

"Uh'll be brave, it's overwork, that's what 'tis, 's' overwork, an' I'll tellum so!"

So he walked in dignified and as erect as a man can be who is dizzy and weak from overwork.

Mrs. Jarr turned up the light and looked at him, but said nothing.

"What's matter with yuh?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Why dontcher say somepin? Gon, gimme muh roastin'!! Go 'n' and 'buse muh. I'm misunderstood, um a victim of unjus' suz-suz-sus pishus!" Mr. Jarr meant to say suspicions, but miscued.

"Oh, it's all right," said Mrs. Jarr, yawning. "You were due for this a week ago. Come on to bed."

"Now yer treatin' muh with contempt," said Mr. Jarr. And he tried to cry but couldn't.

Six Talks to Girls — ON — Speaking AND Writing English

By Gertrude Barnum

No. 1—The American Girl's Language.


Gertrude Barnum

DO you speak English?

All the girls who read this will promptly answer "Of course we do."

But do you really speak English, or do you adopt from the streets the monstrel forms of speech which are at best only distant, disowned, unrecognizable relations of the English language?

Every phrase we meet has a heredity worth studying and a peculiar nature of its own. Of course no girl wishes to be a snob and refuse to receive a new expression just because she has not met it before in her set, but she should "go slow" in vouching for it in polite society.

In her speech the best type of American girl does not confine herself to the language of England. She speaks "United States" or Americanized English, but she uses her chosen language in a way which worthily represents her nationality.

First of all, she is natural. She talks like herself, just as she looks like herself. Her parts of speech, as well as her eyes, nose and mouth, are in their proper places, but they are very clearly parts of her own speech and not exactly like those of any one else.

There is great charm in the every-day vernacular of the so-called "common people," even when they murder the King's English; although they may be "death on grammar," they spare the life of humor and pathos, and express their own thoughts and feelings in a way which goes straight to our hearts.

An unschooled working girl often says more in a half hour than the average college girl will say in a week; and saying something is an important part of speaking. But, alas! the same working girl, on special occasions, will search her brain for long words and high-sounding phrases, and use them in a grandiloquent style which expresses nothing but ignorance and affectation.

Small words predominate in the English language. It contains more monosyllables than any other modern tongue, which accounts for its direct, practical character, so unlike that of the elaborate French or cumbersome German. When we import words from foreign shores, we load no unnecessary freight, but lop off syllables from the end and scoop them out of the middle, till all that cannot be put to handy use have been thrown overboard.

Voltaire declared that by thus clipping their words, the English were gaining two hours a day.

Second, with all their trimming down, they have not sacrificed beauty and grace. Ninety-three words out of every hundred in the Bible are Anglo-Saxon.

The simple, strong, beautiful body of England's language, then, has been moulded from Anglo-Saxon clay, or into Anglo-Saxon form, but the spirit of other lands plays upon her features, and her lips borrow foreign words to utter thoughts and feelings which the Saxon never knew. It is in alien words that she expresses the spiritual conceptions and complex passions of her modern nature. Shakespeare, more than any other master, has appreciated both the homely, familiar words of her heart and the lofty flights by which she rises out of herself in times of great emotion.

The American girl should listen reverently to this mother tongue, and learn the English language; but we will not scold if she sometimes breaks rules and invents Americanisms. Much of her picturesque "slang" of to-day may work into the dictionary of to-morrow. Let her laugh off outworn conventions, and add her free, individual note to conversation. Let her first select from her parent language a simple vocabulary of Anglo-Saxon words. Next, she may safely stir in, sparingly, the flavor of the naturalized foreign phrases.

And last, and by no means least, she must add the spices peculiar to American soil, and especially pleasing to her own taste. Then, some fine day, when she is asked if she speaks English, she may proudly answer:

"Oh, no; I have a language of my own."

No Character in Handwriting.

By William E. Hingston.

AS an example of the value of so-called character reading from handwriting I will tell you an experience I once had with one of the character readers, a woman. I submitted to her a fragment of Abraham Lincoln's writing and a fragment of Gen. Grant's. She had no way of knowing whose handwriting she was asked to examine," said Handwriting Expert William E. Hingston in the Boston Globe.

"She reported that the writing of Lincoln was that of a man of 'low moral type.' That of Grant, she said, was that of a man of 'weak and vacillating character.' How is that for a President of the moral strength of Lincoln, and another capable of the 'fight-it-out-on-this-line-if-it-takes-all-summer, policy of Grant?

"As a rule, clear handwriting is more common with persons who do not write for a living than with those who do. Authors, for example, are creating something when they write; their mind is concentrated on this creative work; their thoughts are generally ahead of their hand, sometimes a whole sentence, and they hurry to keep pace with them. The result is bad handwriting, but handwriting with individuality in it, if not character.

"There is a theory that plain writing is most easily forged. This is not true. Obscure signatures are most easily forged, and the so-called 'freak' signatures, which nobody can read, easiest of all. The best signature, and the safest, for a man who signs checks, is neither too prim nor too involved; just plain, everyday writing, done in the easiest way, according to his temperament. Such a signature expresses as much character as any handwriting can, but it doesn't tell us a thing about the man's moral make-up; not a thing."

The Scandal Mania Among Women.

By Judge Harvey Keeler, of Cleveland.

A DIVORCE case is always attractive to women. They come to hear of grillroom escapades—probably because they have never been in one, and they want to satiate their curiosity about things of which they know nothing," said Judge Harvey Keeler, of Cleveland, discussing the crowds in court during certain cases.

"The attendance of women at the Thaw trial certainly reflects little credit on the sisterhood. To my mind there is no doubt the women of the United States are becoming more morbid. What is taking place in the mental appetites of the women of England I do not know—I know there is a keen zest among the women of this country for the morbid and the unhealthy.

"Why is this? Perhaps the strenuous life drives them to seek strong stimulants. Perhaps one would be criticised were he to assert that the women are losing their ancient softness and charm; that they are becoming more masculine in their tastes, more calloused to the harsher things of life; that things which formerly shocked them now fail to give even a thrill, and books that were tabooed years ago are now read without a blush.

"Contact with men in the business world, to my mind, is largely responsible for the coarsening of the feminine character. Women now flock to baseball games; they are as enthusiastic over football as the men. Women of ancient Rome went to see the gladiators, it is true, but if we can judge by history, they lost nothing of their shrinking softness.

"I would not say that all women, much less the larger percentage, have suffered. But even many of the delicate and sensitive women are thrilled pleasurably by morbid details."—Philadelphia North American.

Are Trees Human Beings?

By Maurice Maeterlinck.

THE myriads of plants and trees that everywhere confront us—are they human beings in embryo? Do they reason? Can they experience joy and fear and other emotions?

Maurice Maeterlinck, the famous Belgian philosopher, who has written so entertainly of the bee, says "yes" to these questions. Read what he has recently written:

"It would not, I imagine, to be very bold to maintain that there are not any more or less intelligent beings, but a scattered, general intelligence, a sort of universal fluid that penetrates diversely the organisms which it encounters according as they are good or bad conductors of the understanding.

"Man would then represent, until now, upon this earth, the mode of life that offered the least resistancy to this fluid, which the religious call divine. This current would be of no other nature, would proceed from no other source, than that which passes through the stone, the star, the flower or the animal.

"Let us be satisfied with having observed certain manifestations of this intelligence outside ourselves. Those which the flowers offer us are probably quite infinitesimal compared with what the mountains, the sea and the stars would tell us could we surprise the secrets of their life.

"Nevertheless, they allow us to presume with greater confidence that the spirit which animates all things or emanates from them is of the same essence as that which animates our bodies."

Cupid and the Mighty Dollar.

THE Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, of Calvary Baptist Church, said at a dinner in New York apropos of international marriages:

"Some of these marriages are from every point of view desirable. Some again are—but a dialogue will illustrate my meaning.

"'Oh, Helen,' cried a girl worth eighteen millions, 'do you think the duke is sincere?'

"'Sincere?' was the reply. 'Why, of course he's sincere. He hasn't got a dollar to his name.'"

Dr. MacArthur paused.

"Or this," he added.

"A young marquis rushed upon his American fiance and shouted bitterly:

"'Cruel, heartless girl! You swore you loved me, and now I discover that your father is a bankrupt!'"—Washington Star.

Letters from the People.

A Hoboken Pilgrimage.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I went over to Hoboken, or, rather, under to Hoboken via the tunnel. The car stopped about midway between the two States. One of the passengers remarked: "A fish on the track!" "Yes," I replied, "and a lobster on the car." Then a man's hat fell out of the window. He was frantic about it. A man in the seat next to him said: "Don't worry about it. It would have been much worse had you been on the ferryboat. Your hat would have fallen overboard. You must always look on the bright side of things." And he gazed toward New York. The train pulled into the station and the crowd got off and went upstairs, and a man standing near the exit from the tunnel, seeing the crowd coming up, remarked in open-mouthed wonder: "By gum! this must be the day of resurrection!" I didn't drop any ticket in the box coming back, so I "beat" it to dear old New York.

C. E. FARR.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In your recent "Opera Series," did you publish the stories of the following operas: "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "Traviata" and "Faust?"

G. MILCH.

"The Capture of New York."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Regarding the chances of New York's capture, the Navy Department, I think, would not be able to send more than a dozen ships to defend New York. The rest of the ships are out of commission, are having repairs made or are on special duty. To augment the land forces not more than a few thousand regulars could be sent inside of two months. Only about 50 per cent. of the National Guard would be ready to go to war. The troops would first have to be enlisted as volunteers. About 100,000 would probably volunteer. These men would have to be enlisted, trained and clothed. They could not form companies of amateur fighters; it would be against the law. Besides, where would they get their officers? Surely not from the United States Army, which is now very short of officers. Even given the officers, it would take a year to develop the volunteers into good soldiers.

D. F. B.

Finds Suburban Life Dull.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read a letter complaining of the dullness of the suburbs. It is a relief to know that I am not the only one that finds suburban life dull. I go to business in New York. When I return home in the evening there is no enjoyment, such as dances, &c., to make a pleasant evening. Being a young man, I had taken steps toward joining a club, but the one or two clubs in town are composed of middle-aged gentlemen.

J. M. K.

The Leap Year Rule.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

It may interest the many people who constantly inquire if 1900 was a leap year, to know that all years which are divisible by four are leap years with the exception of the even hundreds. These are only leap years when divisible by 400. Thus though 1900 was not a leap year yet 2000 will be one

A. D.

Juvenile Courtship

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM IN DARKTOWN.

By F. G. Long